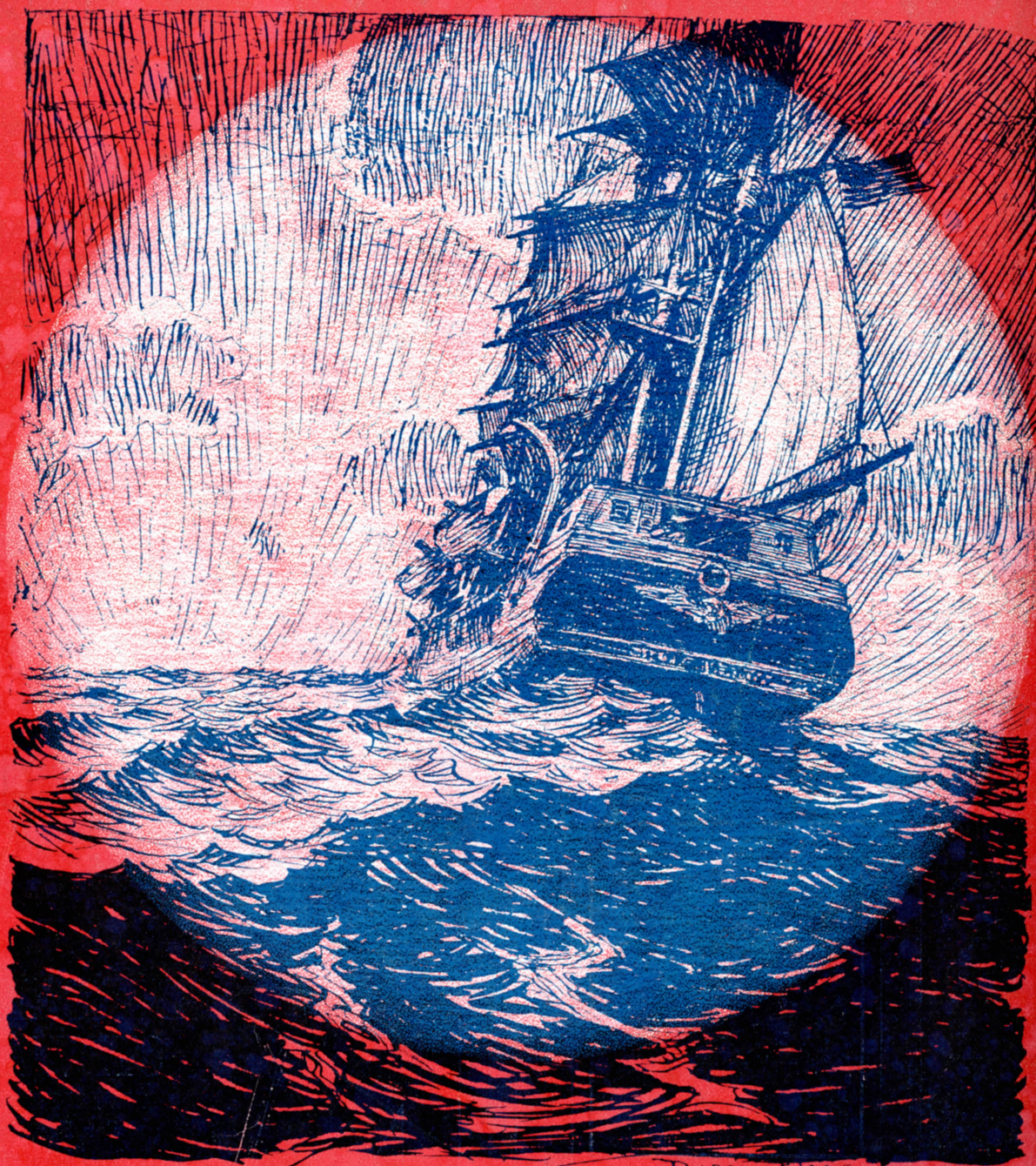
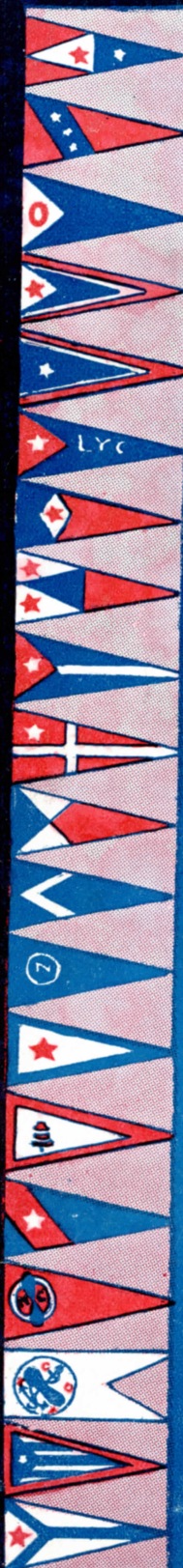




VOLUME I

NUMBER 7

# The Yachtsman



Duncan Gleason

"TRADE WINDS"—an etching by Duncan Gleason

**FEBRUARY, 1930**  
**Price 25 cents**





Looking out the "PAINTED CAVE"  
of SANTA CRUZ ISLAND



# The Yachtsman



## Exploring the "Painted Cave"

THERE is going to be a vacancy this year in the anchorage of the warm water fleet that loafs in Steamboat Slough every summer.

For rumor has it that Larry Knight, "King of the Mud Flat Sailors," is going to desert the inside waters this summer and going cruising down the coast.

If that is not a victory for "OUTSIDE" yachting, then let some one else call the turn, for Larry Knight is only one of many San Francisco Bay yachtsmen who have been sailing inside waters during their entire careers — and now are succumbing to the call of the open sea.

The conversion of the Aeolian skipper can be directly traced to the propaganda work done by Harold L. Martin, Jr., captain of the 35 foot schooner Sandpiper. Last year Martin started with the Bay fleets on the annual seasick trip to Santa Cruz. He even induced Larry to take the Marijane to Santa Cruz with the gang. Martin, however, did not stop but on the second

evening of his stop at the ocean resort he called his crew in from the Santa Cruz festivities and put the sea in the Sandpiper.

"The funny thing about it," said Martin recalling the Sandpiper's cruise, "is that we only spent that one night and one other at sea in the entire 18 days of our trip.

"Most of the small boat sailors in California have a vague notion that the coast line is barren and unfriendly and that once they get 'OUTSIDE'

we found completely sheltered coves at convenient intervals on the run south, and the only two nights we spent at sea were taken as a matter of choice."

Another amazing part of the Sandpiper's cruise was the cost. There were five in the party, comprising in addition to the skipper, his father, Harold L. Martin, Sr., his brother, George Martin, Fred Moody and "Doc" Gregory. The entire cost for the eighteen-day outing was less than

\$400.00 for the entire party. This cost included the expense of dismasting the boat at Wilmington, shipping it back to Oakland by steamer, re-rigging it in Oakland on its return and the traveling expenses of crew returning by rail.

All of these extra expenses were entailed because the Sandpiper's crew was limited to the customary two weeks summer vacation and lacked the time that would have been required to sail their ship up

the coast. "Was it worth it?" said Martin. "There was one little bit of sightseeing we indulged in which was



Wreck of a Chinese Junk, Laying on the Beach at Catalina Island

they are going to battle with the elements for long reaches.

"With the help of The Coast Pilot





View of Pelican Bay, the favorite anchorage for boats visiting Santa Cruz Island

worth the entire effort and cost and time of the trip—that was our visit to the Painted Cave of Santa Cruz Island.

"If this cave were in Italy or Spain or Greenland, thousands of Americans would be paying young fortunes to go abroad and see it, but because it is so close very few have ever heard about it much less been in it. Even in its own region—around Santa Barbara—knowledge about the cave is rather vague.

"Many yachtsmen visiting Santa Cruz Island have brought back rather discouraging reports about the painted cave—simply because their directions were not specific enough and they looked into some of the other smaller caves which surround the main attraction and are often mistaken for it.

"In our case we explored several of these smaller caverns before we entered the genuine Painted Cave, and the beauty of this so far eclipses the others that there is no comparison.

"We had our directions and distance given to us in great detail but still might have overlooked the cave, had it not been for the landmark which identifies it. The keeper of the island told us to skirt the shore about 100 yards from the beach and at a certain place the promontory dead ahead would show a cliff shaped in the likeness of Henry Clay's profile.

"The image is unmistakable and, sure enough, as we sailed under Henry's sloping brow we came to the entrance of the Painted Cave.

"Any one who plans to enter the cave should, by all means, do so early

in the morning. We left Pelican Bay, a few miles south of the cave at 4 a. m. so that we could start our exploring by 6. At that time the sea is usually smooth, whereas later in the day the swells roll in quite heavily.

"We dropped a small kedge in the kelp beds just outside the cave and then got into the skiff and rowed inside the opening, carrying a stern line with us. We made this stern line fast to a ledge far inside the cavern with the result that the Sandpiper was actually moored fully 75 feet inside the opening of the cave.

"The opening is fully 150 feet high and we explored the main cave more than 800 feet back from the entrance.

"The cave is so dark that our flash-



The blackness of the Cave is indicated in this photograph

lights made hardly any impression on the blackness. We rowed back to the Sandpiper and made torches with pads of rags wrapped around sticks and saturated these with kerosene.

"These flares threw out a tremendous light and revealed the cavern walls in every imaginable shape and with colorings such as none of us had ever seen before.

"After coming to what seemed the rear wall of the cave we explored this carefully, hunting the inner passage the island keeper had told us about. After some difficulty we found it and paddled our way back into "The Dark Room." This is almost as large as the outer cave and its loneliness and blackness made the other seem like a sun room to us. Still lighting more flares, we paddled in until we had to lie flat in the boat to keep from bumping our heads on the sloping wall. This must have been fully 1400 feet from the outer opening of the Painted Cave, but, even so, I am convinced there is a passage leading to another cave fully as large as the dark room. There is probably no opening above water level but we noticed that the waves which surged in and rolled against this wall did not rebound but seemed to slide away underneath, at the same time creating a deep sighing sound which convinced us there was a subterranean passage to another room. Next time I go down there I am going to try and get into that other room."

To those who have considered outside cruising on the California coast as always strenuous, Martin's observations should be of interest. He declares that even without the help of The Pilot Book, amateur yachtsmen should be able to make their way up and down the coast and at convenient intervals find suitable shelter when they tire of the open sea.

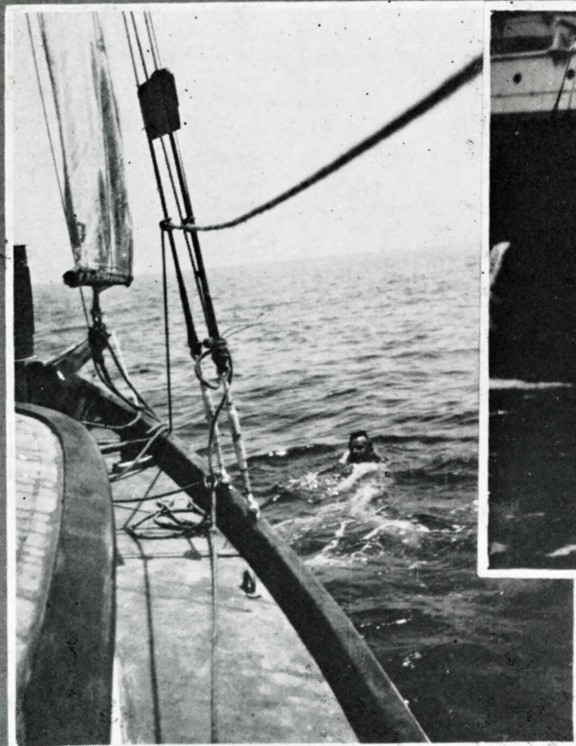
The Sandpiper's course in this respect is somewhat enlightening. Leaving Santa Cruz just after dark the little schooner sailed under light breezes all that night and part of the next day. In the afternoon Martin and his crew found themselves off San Simeon and decided to go in there for the night.

"The channel was easily discerned and not at all difficult for a small boat to enter and once inside, we anchored in water as placid as Paradise Cove."

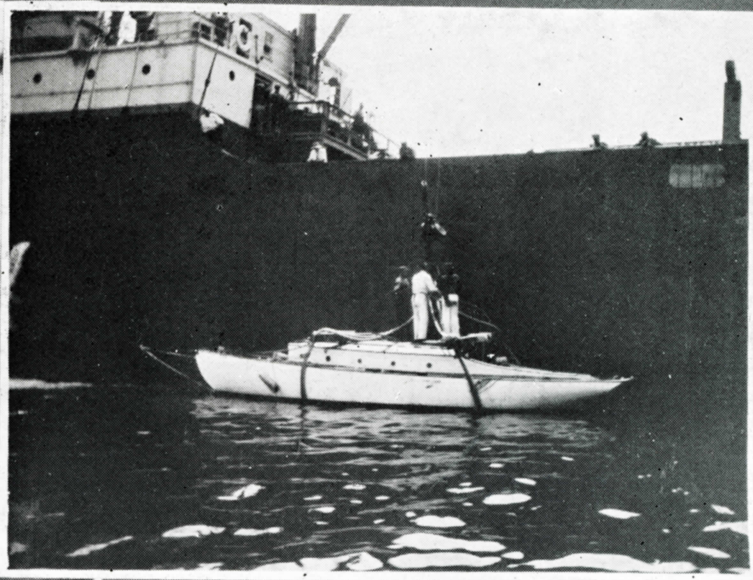
The following day the Sandpiper got under way fairly early in the morning and went in to San Luis



# EASY GOING!



The skipper races the ship-  
and holds his own!

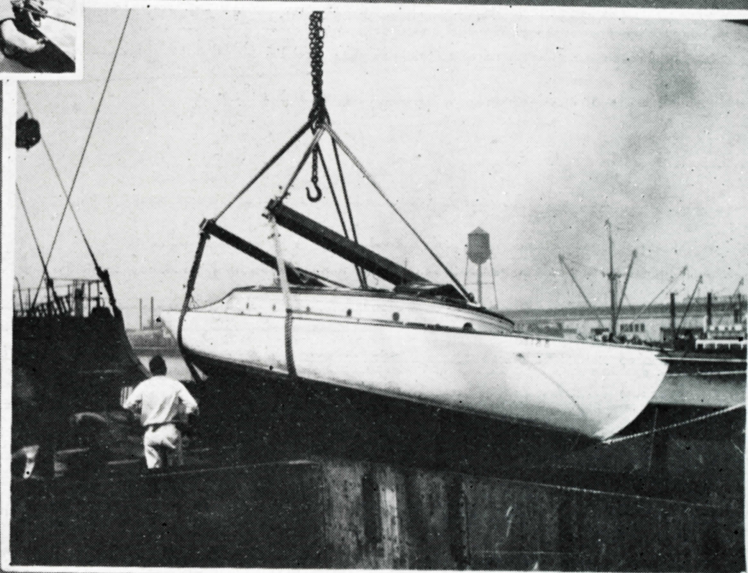


COMING HOME-  
SANDPIPER  
BEING LOADED  
ABOARD STEAMER  
for shipment  
back to SAN  
FRANCISCO.



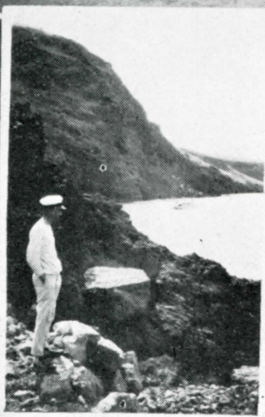
HAROLD MARTIN, SR, and  
DOC GREGORY, doing their  
trick at the wheel; and  
(at right) the SANDPIPER  
being hoisted aboard  
the steamer at SAN  
PEDRO.

THE SKIPPER  
HIMSELF-  
HAROLD MARTIN,  
JR., taking a look  
at the SANDPIPER  
ABOARD the STEAMER.





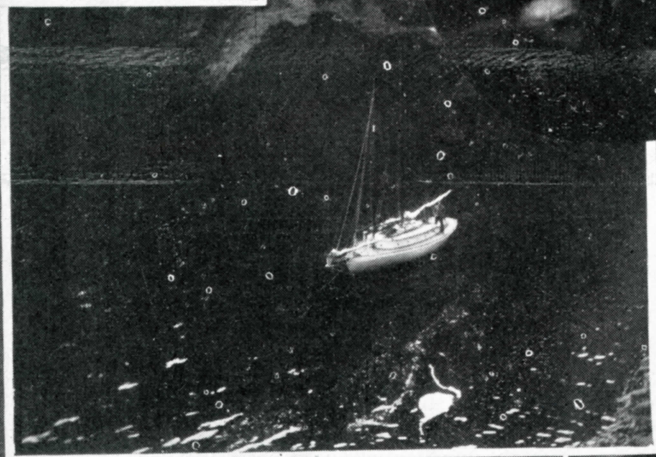
## CRUISING DAYS!



The Isthmus  
at Catalina  
(above)  
and view  
of SANDPIPER  
IN "PAINTED  
CAVE" (at  
right)  
The ROCKY  
SHORE OF  
SANTA CRUZ  
ISLAND (at  
left)



Upper RIGHT shows the  
view looking out the  
"PAINTED CAVE". Small pic-  
ture above shows Moody  
at the wheel, with a fair  
wind bowling Sandpiper  
southward.



Another View of the Sandpiper  
in "PAINTED CAVE" (above) and  
(at right) an anchorage on  
CATALINA ISLAND







A Sunday morning group assembled at the Pelican Bay Camp on Santa Cruz Island

Obispo, where perfect shelter was again obtained behind the oil dock.

The next day's run took the Sandpiper down to Point Conception. Martin says that at this point he was not certain of any shelter before Santa Barbara.

"It looked like we were in for a miserable night. The mist and fog were getting unpleasant and the wind was howling off Point Conception.

"We had heard, however, about a little harbor behind the point where whaling ships used to go in for fresh water in the early days—Coxo Cove. We located the entrance without difficulty and found the cove a delightful place to moor. The cliffs behind it are abrupt and very high so that any wind blowing in from the sea passed far overhead and we found, once again, mirror-like water in which to anchor for the night."

Getting away at 8 o'clock the next morning the Sandpiper ambled easily along towards Santa Barbara (no one has ever accused this schooner of being fast) and arrived at the anchorage of the Santa Barbara Yacht Club at 5 p. m. It was more difficult to get away from here than to enter, however as the crowd around the Santa Barbara Club pass most of their time laying for wandering mariners, and by the time they had completed entertaining the Sandpiper's crew, two days had passed.

It was at this point in the cruise that the little schooner went over to Santa Cruz Island and visited the caves. Martin's crew was getting restless and the night being fine, he

decided to run out to the Island before dawn. Getting away shortly before midnight the Sandpiper started out in a light wind for Pelican Bay. Martin's crew immediately deserted the deck and turned in to sleep. After about four hours going, Martin figured the Island would not be reached before six so he decided to have some sleep himself. Taking in the jib and the mainsail he curled up in the cockpit and let the Sandpiper sail herself.

Shortly after 5 o'clock he awoke and found Pelican Bay dead ahead, which shows the Sandpiper knows how to sail herself.

Having by this time become somewhat enamored of night sailing, the Sandpiper's crew decided to sail for Catalina the following night. The wind was light when getting under way and after coming abeam of Anacapa it died out entirely.

"We could have started the motor and got somewhere," said Martin, "but there was no hurry so we simply loafed around while becalmed. Before morning we had a fair wind



Coming aboard the steamer at San Pedro for the voyage north

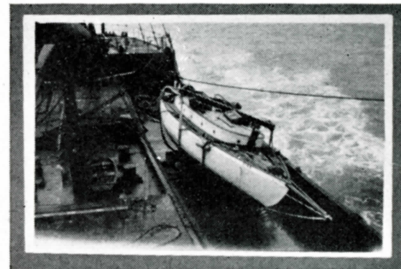
and made the run to Catalina in good style, and likewise the final jaunt to San Pedro a few days later."

Getting back to the "rigors" of small boat cruising, Martin says that they never had water on the deck—except that morning going out the Golden Gate with the rest of the Santa Cruz racers. Much of the time the winds were so light the off-duty members of the crew would swim alongside the ship and be able to hold their own without too much exertion.

Is ocean cruising in a small boat worth while? Will the Sandpiper go out again this year?

"We are probably going in to the Honolulu race," said Martin with a grin.

The party that is planned to take the 35-foot schooner on this ocean race is comprised of Martin and his wife, "Doc" Gregory and Fred



Sandpiper making easy sailing on the way back home

Moody. Moody is planning to make the trip as it comes at the time his wife, Helen Wills, plans to be in Europe for the tennis championship.

If this program is followed, the Aeolian boat will be the smallest yacht that has yet participated in the 2200-mile race. The 40-footer Jubilo was the smallest of the fleet that made the Honolulu race.

### S. F. Race Week

The San Francisco Bay Yachting Association has announced plans for a race week at San Francisco each summer. This regatta will correspond to the annual mid-summer championship races of Southern California.

The race will be conducted each year by a different member club of the yacht racing association. The 1930 race week will be handled by the Corinthian Club, and the date will be set for some time in August.